

"Yes," answered Dick imperturbably, "on seventy-five a month."

"Is that all you are going to give him, Richard?"

"It is all I can give him at present," said Dad with a sigh that told me he was not only worried about Jack but about the business.

I wonder if in the long ago he ever

took Mother Waverly in his arms as Dick had me and forgot all the world but the world of love; and, alas! I wonder if Dick and I will ever reach that time in life when we are just commonplace to each other?

I believe I'd rather quarrel than just stagnate.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## IN CAMP WITH CARRANZA! NEW PICTURES AND STORY FROM REBEL FRONT

BY FRED L. BOALT

Tampico, Mexico.—Terrible fellows are these rebels. Bloodthirsty and relentless bandits. Yet when I went among them at the old Quartel, they gave me food. When night came they gave me a blanket. And in the morning I joined with them in entertaining two pink-cheeked and bashful sailor boys who had strayed from the Dutch man-o'-war in the river.

We drank their black coffee—the Dutch boys and I—and smoked their cigarettes beneath a sign which said: "Fumar Prohibe."

I gave them the English translation, "Smoking Forbidden," and they managed it very well. But when the Dutch boys gave them "Rookken Verboden," their tongues twisted and they roared with boisterous laughter over their failure.

Then they posed for the camera, and it was a pleasant game. They seemed more like amiable children than bandits—children playing at war, with real rifles and with belts heavy with real cartridges for toys.

This, though, is a mistaken impression. They are neither bandits nor children, but real men, awake and pursuing an ideal.

By and by there came to us a man from the north. He had been a cowboy in Texas, and he spoke English. Lean and worn and very old he was, but agile as any boy.

"We do not like this fighting," he told me. "We are tired of it. But we must go on and on fighting until Mexico belongs to the Mexicans."

"I am a cattleman, senor, but most of these men about you are farm laborers. We are not Spaniards, but Mexicans, and many of us are full-blooded Indians."

"We want the land—the land which was our fathers' and which was taken from them. But what chance have we when only a few hold all the land, when estates run into the millions of acres, and when an American, English, Spanish or German landowner counts himself poor if his estate is less than 25,000 acres?"

"You have been told, senor, that we fight because it is an easy life, giving opportunities to rob. That is a lie!"

"We knew when we enlisted in the constitutional army that this was not like the revolutions that have gone before. We knew we were enlisting to fight to get back the land, so that each man of us might have his little farm, to own it and work it, so that his wife and children might have good food and good clothes and an education."

"Well, senor, after we had taken Torreon, our chief, General Carranza, gave us some of the land we had taken. You cannot know how glad we were. It seemed to us that this was the fulfillment of our dream."

"We could not wait. We built little homes, and very soon the green things were springing from the good ground that had been waste."

"The time came to move on, and we did not want to go. It looked for-